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AN OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY.

My father, a barrister, who lived in London, but occasionally spending the hot months at Brighton, where he had a villa, used to amuse me with anecdotes about a queer country cousin of his whose hatred of newfangled fashions was apparent even in his schoolboy days, and who had shut himself out from any power of improvement by marrying another cousin quite as queer as himself. My mother kept up a correspondence with Mrs Leighton, however; and although she allowed that the notions of both husband and wife might be somewhat odd and antiquated, she by no means thought them deserving of the remarks her husband so liberally applied to them. On the contrary, she had spent her childhood and early youth at Leighton Grange, and loved every thing and person connected with it; and many a little sketch she drew of its beauties, its seclusion, and the happy peaceful life she had led there, until the death of her father and brothers, soon followed by that of her mother, made way for the next heir, whose son was now the possessor of the estate, and the hero of poor papa's best stories. I have an indistinct remembrance, when a very little girl, of being on a visit with my parents at some great house, and seeing an oldish lady and gentleman called Mr and Mrs Forde Leighton—not that they were *really* old; but his burly frame, and her staid demeanour, formal turban, and plain old-fashioned dress, gave them the general appearance of being so to more eyes than my childish ones. We never visited them, although often most kindly asked to the Grange; but my mother saw no wisdom in calling up unnecessarily the painful impressions every tree, every stone, every spot in that much-loved place would give rise to in her sensitive heart; and my father was always out of his element in the country, or in the society of those who were not, like himself, men of cultivated understanding.

The death and marriage of all my near relatives left me at liberty to select my future place of residence: 'the world was all before me where to choose;' and all the world—my little world at least—were very kind in inviting me to visit them; for although not rich, I was perfectly independent, and of a cheerful disposition. Among others came an invitation from my cousins the Leightons, so cordially and kindly worded, that I accepted it at once, and set out from Milverton Manor in Berkshire, where we were very gay—had private theatricals, concerts, and all the fashions and follies of the day—to go to Walton, near Birmingham, a sort of half-way house *en route* to Leighton Grange; and here were collected most of the leading spirits of the age; and everything new and surprising in art, literature, science, and mechanics, was talked of familiarly, and

kept one's mind up to the times. From hence I went on twenty miles by railway; but the greater part of my journey I had to post over rough country-roads, every step I took carrying me farther off from the glaring, flaring, whirling, bustling, go-ahead scenes I had lately, indeed I may say always, more or less been living among. It seemed as if I had got into some strange country; for the language was unintelligible, and the habits new, and unlike anything but what I might have read or dreamed of as occurring a century ago.

The narrow lanes, high hedges, and tinkling teams of oxen, 'when down the slope the ponderous wagon rings;' the stupid stare of the smock-frocked peasants; the simple wondering gaze of the quiet inhabitants of the little country towns we passed through, peeping over their high window-blinds, or looking up from their formal gardens—struck me in forcible contrast with the scenes I had so lately mixed with. The sunny quietude of these quaint old-fashioned towns and villages; the red-tiled roofs of their many-windowed houses gleaming through the orchard leaves; the bright brass-knockers, and well-whitened steps; the curious little bits of old architectural display, that age alone saved from being ugly; the pigeon-houses, and summer-houses, and tool-houses, built in every sort of absurd form to show the proprietor's taste; and the fine old trees surrounding the little lowly church, and dotted about the streets—all whispered of the past; all breathed around a feeling of repose; and I seemed to be living in the leaves of some old domestic romance. I alighted at the little bow-windowed inn at Leightonbury, 'the Blue Bell,' the swinging sign of which represented a bell—a dinner-bell painted bright blue, and ordered horses for Leighton Grange.

'You must be the lady the squire's carriage was to come for; but it is not come, because they did not expect you before to-morrow, ma'am,' said the fat, fresh-coloured landlady, dipping and diving down to the ground every three words she uttered. 'Please to alight, ma'am, and the horses shall be sent for: they are quite handy, ploughing at Alderscroft; and in the meanwhile I hope you'll condescend to take a little of my gooseberry-wine and home-made cake the young ladies praise so much, and madam herself does me sometimes the honour to taste?' I know you are a Leighton, or I should not take the liberty of asking you, for fear of a stiff, proud 'No, thank you;' but the Leightons have all kind hearts. I served at the Hall till I married, madam; and my aunt was house-keeper there for forty years and more: she died there, too, and the squire put up a stone to her memory. Ah, she knew Miss Mary well, and I remember her also!

'Is that Miss Mary's daughter?' said a very old

woman, almost bent double. 'God bless you, my child! If you have the kind heart of little Mary whom I nursed, you are welcome to Leighton!' A group had by this time assembled, and 'Miss Mary's child' was welcomed by the grasp of many a horny hand.

Strange! that I should feel at once at home, as it were, in a place I had never before seen—more at home than I had ever done in any other during my life. Stranger still that I should never once deem these rustic demonstrations of affection a liberty!—I who had been taught to keep all but properly-introduced people at a distance, and to expect respect from every servant or dependent. But ere I had well time to ask or answer to myself these questions, my maid came to tell me all was ready; and in a few minutes more I was off again, creeping along roads quite as bad as those I had previously traversed, but full of old-world beauty, and redolent of bean-blossoms and May-flowers. An urchin in highlows, and a hat shaped like a boat, had run on to announce the approach of 'Miss Mary's child' by some more direct route; so that when the carriage stopped, the whole family were on the steps to welcome me. The squire, in a red face, green cut-away, and leathern gaiters, set up a view-halloo as soon as my post-chaise turned the corner; Mrs Leighton's benevolent countenance looking no older, and still beaming beneath the well-remembered turban; the tall sons in jackets, and the daughters in good gingham gowns, short petticoats, and black leather shoes—all laughing, kissing, shaking hands, and receiving me as if I were indeed one of themselves, advanced to hand, or rather lift me out of the carriage: and surely there is something in being of the same blood, for I at once felt them to be relations, and loved them as such.

'We did not think it possible you could arrive before to-morrow; but your bed is aired, and your room quite ready, Mary, dear!'

We then entered the spacious hall, hung round with rusty armour, modern guns, and old family pictures: the drawing-room opened from it, and was very large, and very low in the roof; full of cabinets, straight-backed chairs, and uncomfortable sofas, spider-legged tables, red silk window-curtains, that drew up in festoons with pulleys, and though last, not least, although it was the 31st of May, a roaring fire!

'The evenings are fresh still,' observed Mrs Leighton.

'Fresh or faint, I like to see a fire at all seasons somewhere or other in the house,' said Ralph, the eldest hope and heir.

'Yes,' sung the old squire—

"My ain fieside, my ain fieside,
Oh blithe is the blink o' my ain fieside!"

Good Squire Leighton seldom said anything: he usually sung what he wished to observe; but when no apt verse or line of a song presented itself to his memory, he ended his speech with a '*tolderum tectum too!*'

'Are you very very tired, Cousin Polly?' lisped a pretty little chubby-faced darling in a pinafore.

'A little; but not so very very much. Why do you ask, dear?'

'Cause I want you to see my puppy!' Mr Leighton kept harriers, and occasionally presented a puppy as a plaything.

'No; she must see mine first: I'm the oldest, you know, Lizzy, and my pup's the finest,' observed Master Johnny resolutely.

'And you must see my lamb! such a sweet little beast it is,' insinuated Cicely, holding up her rosy mouth.

'And my hens! You never saw such lovely hens as mine are!'

'Come with me,' said Harold. 'I'll show you a robin's nest, and the robin sitting! And oh, mamma, pursued he; 'you know the white duck has been laying away: well, I've found her nest—eleven eggs—only think!'

'There are three calves and a beautiful little foal! Do you like calves or foals best?' asked some one. And then followed tales of horses, and ponies, and dogs, from the boys; of cows and poultry from the girls; and of old women with rheumatism, and young children with measles, interspersed by sundry sporting anecdotes, from the squire, all addressed to *Polly*, as he called me; so that, most fortunately, I could not get one word in to betray my total ignorance upon all these subjects.

Tea came; and such a profusion of hot cakes and honey was eaten, I wondered if they had had any dinner. My room—where, when I went to take off my bonnet, I found a large fire, a feather-bed and sheets toasting at it, and the windows wide open—was now in order. Mansell had unpacked my things, and I retired to rest, too excited and happy to sleep for a long time; and when I did so, I dreamed the proceedings of the previous two days all over again. At six I awoke, and got up impatient, as the house-agents say, to view the premises.

The mansion was an old irregular pile, covered with vines and creepers, surrounded by a flower garden in terraces and smooth-shaven lawn. The flowers were like the people they belonged to—old fashioned, but healthy, and excellent of their kinds: lilacs, laburnums, pink and white thorns, roses—the finest Windsor roses I ever saw—white lilies in loads, peonies, bachelors' buttons! But I need not pursue the list—it would stretch very far, although no new flowers would find a place; and all was in good order. Beyond were avenues and clumps of magnificent timber—turf that had not been turned up in the memory of man—deer, sheep, cows, and even horses, scattered about feeding steadily, undisturbed by the red-cloaked old women who were gathering sticks under the rookery, where the birds apparently did not think, with the beasts, that red-cloaked old women were of no consequence, for they kept up an everlasting cawing, flying about in an alarmed manner. A cheerful noise it was, and uniting with that from the farm-yard, gave me an idea of peaceful seclusion from a jarring world most soothing to my mind. By and by came chattering children from the village, with bright tin cans, to carry away the skim-milk, which was always distributed: all suddenly silent, and bowing, curtseying, and staring at the stranger. Wherever my eye turned, something was going on of country work; but neither town, village, nor farm was visible from the place where I stood: no glimpse of the world without, at this safe distance from its roar, dispelled the charm. The birds sang in the branches; the bees hummed, hovering over the fresh-opened flowers, still glittering in the morning dew; the geese screamed wildly as they flew to the pond; the turkeys gobbled; and all the poultry, running to be fed by a buxom lass who scattered handfuls of corn among them, calling 'chuck, chuck,' were heard at once, chiming in with equally expressive sounds from the pig-sties, where a boy I heard called William Barton was emptying pailfuls of kitchen refuse and some buttermilk. These joyful morning cries, pigs and all, were to my ears and heart a concord of sweet country sounds, which I would not in the then mood of my mind have exchanged for the notes of Mario and Grisi, combined, as they must be, with the unavoidable accompaniments of smoke, vice, and city uproar. A

rosy maid and apple-cheeked old man now passed, clinking their bright and yet unfilled milkpails, whilst the cows, who knew the sound, ran lowing to meet them; and in three minutes more was active Mary Dairy—to distinguish her from the other Mary in the house, who was laundry-maid—seated on her three-legged stool merrily tugging away, and singing to the tune of the 'Brown Irish Girl' some sentimental ditty, in which I could only distinguish the words, ever and anon, of 'An' now ye see what loove can dow.'

This dream of cheerful calm was interrupted by the squire, who listened to my incoherently-expressed delight with looks of approval, mixed, however, with considerable surprise: he could not in the least comprehend my feelings, having all his life lived in the busy seclusion which so charmed me, a town-bred lady rurally disposed by nature. Had he been forced to leave these familiar scenes, he would then have awakened to their charm, and expressed his regrets probably very poetically, for true unaffected feeling is always, I think, more or less what we term poetical; but things of daily occurrence, even when enjoyed, passed with him unmarked; and I should not be very much surprised to hear that he thought me a little touched in the brain with romance, despite my six-and-thirty summers.

All the family breakfasted together, including Miss Becker and Mr Hope—the stiff, old-maidish governess, and the thoughtful-looking tutor—whose power over their pupils came to a pause in the presence of their parents; for such a lively clatter ensued, from which books, politics, and the usual chit-chat and gossip of society were excluded, that I became absolutely silent in amazement to find that people could talk so much and so happily upon subjects wholly agricultural, horticultural, charitable, and sporting. To be sure much indignation was expended upon one Billy Betelbro, who had been detected in the very act of blowing birds' eggs; but what could be expected of the son of such a woman as Betty Betelbro, who had often been suspected, and once convicted, of breaking down fences in order that her cow should trespass upon Farmer Benton's field? Every one looked grave, commented upon such crying instances of family depravity, and looked forward with fear to Billy's future career.

I found I had missed family prayers, which were always said at nine.

'No one is forced to attend,' said Mrs Leighton, 'and they are not long.'

'No,' cried the squire, as he finished his second mutton-chop; 'short and sweet. If I had a donkey that wouldn't go!' sung the jovial gentleman, as he took up a hunting-horn and proceeded to mount a specimen of the animal held for him by a groom. 'I'm just getting the better of a fit of gout, Poll, and can't well bestride my good steed *Marmion*—'

"And so I ride
Up the green hill-side
On my old Jerusalem pony, oh!"

hummed he, while another groom came from the stables mounted upon a magnificent horse, and followed by the harriers, and Ralph, Harold, and Johnny on ponies.

As soon as the gentlemen were off, Mrs Leighton and the rest of her young family, who were to have a holiday in honour of my arrival, proceeded to show me the house. Nothing could be simpler than the furniture, more excellent than some few of the paintings, more perfect than the oak-carving. The girls, with the exception of the eldest, who occupied the same room as the governess, remained inhabitants of the old nursery—the same nursery my poor mother had often described to me; and well I recognised every article of furniture: the high press, which contained

in the upper part the books and playthings of the present generation, as it had done those of the former; the lower part holding the basins, soap, and water for washing, which was always kept in large red-painted tin watering-pots, that there might be abundance. And there stood yet the walnut-tree drawers and many-legged table, the nursing-chair, the old pictures that I seemed to know: one of poor mamma herself at ten years of age, smiling innocently, in a blue frock—one of her little sisters in pink, nursing a kitten—while my eldest aunt sat solemnly with a book before her. There were 'The Months' in black frames, below the 'Battle of the Nile,' 'The Landing of the 42d in Egypt,' 'The Pretty Reaper,' and 'The Marquis of Granby,' all hanging in their long-accustomed places—and the old yellow screen pasted over with *ladies cut* from 'La Belle Assemblée,' showing most forcibly the folly of fashion in their crazy-looking costumes, once the reigning mode, and no doubt much admired in their day, absurd as they appear in ours. The high green fender, the clumsy fire-irons, all spoke of other times. The very furniture of the beds was the same as when my mother was young—dark-green moreen, a stronger fabric than that woven in our degenerate modern looms, Mr Leighton affirmed. All the bedrooms were panelled, and smelt sweet—for lavender in sheafs and shocks stood on the toilet-tables, mingled with the quaint ornaments on each high chimney-piece, and lay among large shells, filigree baskets, and odd-shaped jugs and jars. On the floor of one room all sorts of herbs were drying; in another feathers; wool covered the floor of a third, in which the only furniture was a high-plumed bedstead, a mirror, and the picture of a villanous-looking monk; and the fourth, which seemed as if intended for a dressing-room, contained nothing but jelly-cans and potting-dishes, ready for filling when the proper time came. But the great curiosity was the store-room. Such barrels of flour and brown sugar! such rows of sugar-loaves! such boxes of tea, coffee, rice, barley, dried fruit, and spices! such pyramids of sweetmeat pots of all sizes, I could not have imagined without having seen! In one corner was all kinds of crockery, in anticipation of breakages; in another a multiplicity of new brooms, brushes, sieves, twine, and writing-paper. As to the old boxes, old books, old bonnets, old grates, keys, doors, and such things, I need not enumerate them, for they were so tumbled one upon another I could not see half. I saw webs of woollen, linen, cotton fabrics, and piles of newly-scoured blankets in orderly confusion.

'And what are all these low seats for in the middle?'

'Oh, these are such happy seats!' cried little Cicely.

'We use them when fruit is to be picked for preserving, or minced for marmalade, and we always have a holiday; and the sun shines, and there are wasps, and we are so happy!'

The idea of wasps was so connected in the child's mind with the long, light, sunny summer days, when holidays were frequent, and fruit plentiful, that I could quite enter into her feelings, and understand the agreeable recollections the very name of that venomous little insect gave rise to. All the females of the family, high and low, Miss Becker excepted, assisted in these domestic avocations—all were merry and busy, and healthy and happy as ease, kind hearts, and good tempers could make them: no envy, no spite, no rivalry; no petting about dresses not fitting, expected partners not appearing, or dancing with some one else; no fears about not being invited to Lady Darklour's ball or Mrs Trill's concert. No; 'all was sunshine in each little breast.' Whether seven or seventeen, whatever their fortune in later life, they have at least a happy childhood and a placid youth to look back upon; and it is something to have been happy—it is a resting-place to repose the weary heart on. The very servants, sons and daughters of tenants, took

as much interest in everything as did their masters and mistresses, who in their turn felt a hearty good-will towards their dependents: their griefs were pitied, their complaints listened to, their wrongs redressed, their weddings celebrated, their old age provided for, as had ever been the custom in the family of Leighton; and if the honest squire did sometimes apply an epithet more expressive than polite to a stupid assistant, no one thought anything of it. 'Twas master's way—God bless him! The best dogs bark, but they don't bite,' they said. No surly servility followed, any more than open insolence; but the frank respect of their manners remained unaltered—every one knew his place, and no one thought about it. The living was excellent, but not elegant; and all the foundations for the culinary department in profusion—mutton, veal, lamb, and pork were killed at home, and beef also from November till March. All sorts of poultry and game were in plenty; with milk, cream, butter, eggs, vegetables, and common fruit. Mr Leighton both grew and ground his own flour, brewed his own beer, and, except wine and spices, they had everything within themselves. A Sunday newspaper sufficed for news; the squire also took the 'Sporting Magazine,' Mr Hope the 'Quarterly,' and Miss Becker the 'New Monthly'; and these constituted the reading of the family—Miss Becker and Mr Hope finding enough in the extensive but old-fashioned library to occupy their leisure hours. Both these quiet instructors of the younger branches had at one time lived much in the world, which had not used them well; they had also suffered from bad health; but here, in this solitude, their minds and bodies at last rested: they were content and happy; although each possessed the cultivated mind they did not find in their kind-hearted employers or their good-natured pupils. To all of these *lessons* were anything but agreeable, and not, they insisted, very necessary, as the oldest son was of course to succeed his father; the second had a passion for the sea; the next was to be in the army; and the youngest to take a farm under his brother, and marry Lily Lawson, General Lawson's eleventh daughter. This was confided to me by the urchin himself, a monkey of seven years old; and the pride with which he introduced me to his future bride was truly ludicrous.

This old-fashioned family had a few neighbours with whom they exchanged yearly visits of the usual three days' length—'the rest day, the dressed day, and the pressed day;' but the Lawsons being only three miles off—one and a-half as the crow flies indeed—they saw them more frequently: people as worthy, but a little more worldly, than the unsophisticated Leightons—and the young ladies were excellent musicians. But it was no matter to my dear, true-hearted relations whom they entertained or were entertained by—whether it was Lord Earnscliff, or the Duke and Duchess of Derwentwater, or Mr Sherlock Dabb—the same hospitable hand was extended to all, the same good plain dinner provided, at which a fowl with all the chickens roasted round her, reposing upon fried eggs, was a standing and popular dish. Port, sherry, and Madeira—but such as few cellars could boast of—were the only wines, and were presented to each and all alike; and the squire answered the duke's courtly speeches, the viscount's hearty jokes, and Mr Sherlock Dabb's elaborately-fine phrases, with the fig-end of an old song, or barring it, his favourite 'tolderum teetum too!' None of the party had what people who lead secluded lives sometimes, and parvenus always have—a *company manner*. Every one (though high rank was acknowledged and revered by the squire, if it was not *new*) was treated alike, and no one was ever offended, except Mr Dabb; but he took umbrage because the curate, whose brother kept a library, was as much attended to at the Grange as he was himself—he, a man with an estate, and the son of a manufacturer, not a shopkeeper!

The Leightons were always employed either in walking, riding, gardening, visiting the poor, overlooking the labourers and woodcutters. The girls sewed a great deal—plain-work principally when alone, embroidery when they had company staying in the house. In winter they danced among themselves almost every evening, the noble old squire footing it away most vigorously whenever the gout allowed him to do so; whilst his staid and gentle helpmate skated about in a very quaint and original manner when pressed into the service; but she generally preferred playing her sole three tunes, 'Elsy Morly,' 'The Triumph,' and 'Because he was a bonnie lad, I bid him kiss and come again'—a merry air, much admired by George IV., who himself performed it with great spirit on the violin. Sometimes they had a round game; sometimes the elders played backgammon or piquet, and the others sat at a distance with their work, jesting among themselves, or tried with Mr Hope the intricacies of chess. I liked the evenings; there was always plenty of light, warmth, space, and good-humour—that was all; and yet these unaccomplished, uncultivated young persons were popular with every one who met them, from their unaffected good-humour and natural good sense. They, however, kept little company upon the whole, and went less out. I was delighted with their combined simplicity and sense, plain yet perfectly self-possessed manner, at first; but, I must confess, after a time I tired of the style of conversation, which, however, seemed always fresh to them: so, bringing out my books, drawing, and music, I spent my mornings in a more intellectual manner. My cousins wondered at my odd love for *lessons*, as they termed these pursuits; and one day, when their father had the gout, and complained of the time passing slowly, I proposed reading aloud while they worked. I saw disapprobation upon every countenance, but, as they afterwards told me, I was so good-humoured, they did not like to disoblige me. I accordingly commenced, but at the very beginning was nearly discouraged. First of all, worthy Mrs Leighton begged my pardon, but she 'must just say one little word to cook, something she had forgotten'—Emily was for ever dropping her scissors or thimble, or searching about for a reel of cotton that had run she did not know where—then Susan wanted to be informed whether she was to backstitch or run this, or cut that bias or straight; and so on. But I persisted; waited, and began again; and by and by all got interested and quiet. By the time I left them—after a happy visit of ten months—one part of the old-fashioned family was borrowing books from their neighbours, others were ransacking the home library, and even the squire himself talked of riding over to the town and getting a book-box or bag sent every month with all the periodical and new publications.

They still take pleasure in country pursuits and active useful employments; but they now enjoy life ten times more than they ever did before; and the old gentleman no longer fears *age* when he can no longer ride. The needle was often relinquished for the pencil by Susan, who took views very accurately. Emily copied descriptive poetry, and tried to write it herself; she also discovered that those who can play dances, may also, with a little extra trouble, execute better music; and her duets with Miss Becker from the modern operas are very creditably performed. They soon lost the idea of *lessons* connected with intellectual employments, and although they never arrived at a pitch of perfection sufficient to entitle them to be considered very clever, or very accomplished young ladies, they can take their part in any conversation, in any society, without disgrace; while they retain their strong love for home, and relish for simple pleasures.

I am now again at Leighton Grange, in order to be present at Susan's bridal, who is to be married to Sir Algernon Cottan; after which, with Emily as brides-

maid, they depart for a tour on the continent. What a wonder, what a pleasure, for their fresh minds! I remain here, nothing loth, to help with Miss Becker and Mr Hope (although they no longer give lessons) to fill up the gap, till a living, still enjoyed by a healthy old man, becomes vacant, and enables them to marry.

THE SHEFFIELD EXPERIMENT.

In a wildish tract of country about six miles from Sheffield, there may be observed at the bottom of a slope near the wayside a long plain building, which a stranger will scarcely pass without inquiring for what purpose it has been erected. It is an offshoot of the workhouse of Sheffield, designed to accommodate a set of able-bodied paupers from that establishment. The Sheffield guardians, finding, a few years ago, that oakum-picking, corn-grinding, stone-breaking, and other works conducted in the workhouse were no gain to themselves, while they produced great refractoriness among the inmates, bethought themselves of trying an experiment in the reclamation of waste land. They entered in August 1848 on the possession of the Hollow Meadows farm, consisting of forty-eight acres, for which they were to pay the Duke of Norfolk at the rate of 4s. per acre during a lease of twenty-one years; leasing at the same time two acres for ninety-nine years, on which to erect buildings. It was a rude, stony, boggy territory, surrounded on all hands by moors, and as yet produced nothing of the least value. The Guardians immediately commenced a suite of buildings, including one large eating-room, and a number of dormitories, all in the plainest style, and costing in all about L.800. They draughted out the more refractory paupers with their wives and children, and set them to clearing away stones, making drains, and ultimately the trenching of the ground by the spade.

The process was thus described in the ensuing March:—‘A fence-wall was erected around the two enclosed sides of the land; main-drains were cut, and in November they began cultivation, with sowing wheat and barley. During rainy days they prepared stone, and assisted in building, and in frosty weather drained and trenched. After removing the top loose stones, they dug deep (about sixteen inches), and turned the sod on to the top; then cut and pulverised it, taking out and burning the wicks or stalks. The subsoil (of sand) was then thrown upon the top of the first dressing, and then manured well, and sown. They finish and sow each day, preparing only what they can get through. The ground is set with corn, barley, turnips, potatoes, and mangold-wurzel, which are doing well. *The crops look greatly superior to any others around.*’*

There has been since then an average of forty-five men employed at Hollow Meadows. Upwards of 500 heads of families, 250 wives, and 2000 children, have been accommodated there in succession. The paupers have been maintained in much the same way as in the workhouse; only perhaps with a more liberal dispensation of food, for such has been required in consequence of the strong appetites engendered by healthful rustic labour. No difficulty has been found in making the people work: on the contrary, a removal back to the

workhouse has been felt as a punishment, while a removal from the workhouse to the farm has become the premium of good behaviour. A considerable portion of the farm—we do not learn exactly how much—has now been reclaimed, and made to yield oats, potatoes, and turnips. It is believed that the land so reclaimed will, at the end of four years, be fit to be sublet in small lots, at such rates as to yield a good return, and thus go far to repay the cost of supporting the paupers by whom it was improved. While improved land is thus parted with, further quantities of moorland will be taken in hands; and thus it is contemplated that in time a large tract may be reclaimed by that pauper labour which otherwise would rest dormant or be misdirected.

The interesting character of the Sheffield experiment will be generally acknowledged. In workhouses, great difficulty has, in the first place, been experienced in getting work to do; in the second, there has been much inconvenience from the clamours of the poorer class of ratepayers, who find themselves competed with in their humble labours by a set of people whom they assist in supporting. But if pauper labour can be turned to good account in reclaiming waste land, it interferes with no interest of the ratepayers, and it effects a real good to the community, in as far as it is better to have a country fully than partially under cultivation. *The new value put upon the land is so much saved to the ratepayers, after expenses peculiar to the system have been deducted.* There is already, we find, a disposition to try similar experiments in other districts: it is contemplated in Cork, and has been talked of by the parochial boards of both Edinburgh and Glasgow.

Side by side with this experiment is another which has been for some years in progress at Gairloch in Ross-shire. There is a strong analogy between the condition of the English able-bodied labourer out of work, and that of a horde of small Highland tenantry, whose husbandry, since the failure of the potato, has been unable to support them. The Highland proprietor finds his estate occupied by hundreds and by thousands of people who, so far from being able to pay rent, require to be supported by himself, or from some other source. ‘Although,’ to quote a competent authority, ‘the able-bodied unemployed poor have not in Scotland a right to demand relief, parochial boards are authorised by statute to apply, at their discretion, the funds raised by assessment to the temporary relief of the occasional poor, including able-bodied persons who are destitute. There is therefore in every parish a fund, limited only by the ability of the ratepayers, which the parochial board may apply to the relief of destitution among the able-bodied poor.’* This is as much as to say that the land has to stand good for the support of the multitudes of miserable people who have been allowed to dwell upon it hitherto in that state of half idleness which attends the culture of the potato. It is, in other words, the confiscation of the land for the sake of those accidentally located upon it. Such being the case, some Highland landlords have been endeavouring to get the people deported to America, not merely for this purpose acquitting them of all arrears of rent, but furnishing them with passage-money, provided they will agree to go peaceably.

On one estate, that of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch (a minor), an effort is making to maintain the people as cultivators of the soil according to what is considered as an improved plan. In 1846, a government drainage loan of L.10,000 being obtained, five hundred families were set to work in reclaiming a tract of land hitherto not worthy of a rent of one shilling an acre. In July 1850, it was stated that L.6000 had been expended, and that the people had trenched, drained,

* Report by a Committee of Inquiry, quoted in a newly published pamphlet, ‘On the Reclamation of Waste Lands and their Cultivation by Croft Husbandry, considered with a view to the Productive Employment of Destitute Labourers, Paupers, and Criminals. By W. P. Alison, M.D.’ Blackwood: Edinburgh.

* Letter of Mr Smyth, secretary to the Scottish Board of Supervision, ‘Edinburgh Evening Courant’ newspaper, Nov. 11, 1850.

and put under crop about a thousand acres. The popularity of the plan was evinced by some townships having latterly petitioned to be put upon the same footing. There has certainly been a great increase of production during the four by-past years, and great improvements in husbandry have been effected. The arrangement contemplated is to settle each family on a lot of from five to seven acres, which it is to cultivate by hand labour; it is thought that, by that mode of culture, and by a careful collection and application of manure (keeping the cow within doors), it will be possible for a family to subsist with some degree of comfort, and pay rent. It is authoritatively stated that those who are industrious and economical already are 'living comfortably'—a novelty in cottage life in the Highlands—and the landlord by such is paid regularly, and with pleasure, in several instances at 10s. per acre. We have learned with pleasure that the uncle and mother of the proprietor use great and incessant personal pains in educating the people into new and improved habits, and that schools under a vigorous administration are maintained as a necessary adjunct of the scheme.

Such are amongst the problems in social and political economy now being worked out in our country, under the impulse of irresistible circumstances. We find a disposition to look upon them as the schemes of a visionary philanthropy, which we think is scarcely just. They are more truly to be regarded as exponents of difficulties which take their rise in the existing system—perhaps are inseparable from it. The patrons of the Sheffield experiment might well say, 'Let things be so adjusted as that there shall be no able-bodied poor, and we shall not need to set them to the working up of waste lands.' The representatives of the proprietor at Gairloch might equally well say, 'Free us of our surplus population, or bring them remunerative work, and we shall be happy to give up our scheme.' The experimenters appear to us deserving of sympathy; and their efforts, in as far as they are well meant, are worthy of applause. It is well, nevertheless, to keep a vigilant eye upon such experiments, lest they should be calculated to increase rather than lighten the evils which have caused them to be set on foot, or lest they should be misconducted so as to have had effects not necessarily involved in their fundamental plan.

We must confess that we see no theoretical objection whatever to the idea of a Board of Guardians employing any accidental surplus labour which falls into their hands on the reclamation of waste lands, so long as the ordinary alternative is to support the unemployed in idleness or make-believe work. The improved land is at least better than nothing. When we hear, however, of proposals to settle poor people—perhaps the paupers themselves—on three-acre lots of the improved land, we see grounds of reasonable apprehension, for it is a very general opinion, only too well justified, we believe, by facts, that a population of three-acre tenant-farmers (the handloom weavers of the agricultural world) can only produce an extension of pauperism. Here, then, it becomes necessary to call upon the Sheffield Board to consider well what they are about. Such a course is not essential to their plan. They will as readily get one good tenant for the whole forty-eight acres, when so much has been improved, as sixteen paupers for holdings of three acres each. Let them contemplate this step along with the constant taking of fresh moorland on hand for the employment of the paupers, and the objections of the economists will vanish. As for the Gairloch experiment, it is precisely this risk of an increased pauper population which is to be dreaded. The proprietor cannot shift, adjust, and allocate his free tenantry as a Board of Guardians can with a set of paupers, who, in accepting parochial protection, forfeit their independence. It may therefore be found twenty years hence that the

now pressing evil has only been extended. We are willing to hope for a contrary result, and apparently, if a different result be possible, it will be attained by the enlightened management which we see in operation. But in the meantime facts are against a hopeful issue, for no large settlement of small holders or *fermiers* has as yet thriven in Scotland.

After all that has been said with such conflicting conclusions regarding large and small farms, the truth perhaps lies in a composition between the two systems. Were small holdings of various sizes mixed judiciously with large ones, their cultivators would obtain remunerative employment for their spare time from their capitalised neighbours, and there would be a stimulus to good behaviour in the chance afforded to the humblest labourer of rising to be a farmer, and to the small farmers of advancing to greater possessions and ampler means. If, for instance, in the conduct of the Gairloch experiment, the small holdings were undergoing a constant process of agglomeration, and the tenants shifted off (under, of course, suitable temptations) to fresh wastes, a basis would be laid for the realisation of this eclectic plan. We hope that some such course is actually in contemplation.

The pamphlet of Dr Alison, already quoted, adduces, from a great variety of sources, opinions and facts favourable to the *petite culture* or spade husbandry as a means of employing the surplus population. We think he makes out a clear case in favour of this mode of reclaiming waste land as an expedient for obviating a temporary difficulty, as in dealing with paupers and criminals; and in this light his brochure may be recommended to the attention of the public.

THE PORTRAIT.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

SOME years ago Alexis Verneuil returned to Paris, after spending three years in study at Rome. He was not then the popular artist he is now, nor was he the same calm, well-dressed, and happy-looking individual, who, at ease with all the world, and with more work than he can very well execute, is equally at home in the *salons*, and in his splendid *atelier* in the Rue St Dominique. Alexis returned from Rome pale, moody, and sad. Tall, handsome, and full of talent—having won every prize which he competed for—he, however, on his arrival in the metropolis of the world, as our facetious friends over the water call the capital of France, showed very little disposition to cultivate his art with energy and vigour. He took a room, which served him for study, and bedroom, and parlour; he put up his easel, procured paint and brushes, and prepared for work. But he did scarcely anything. He was poor, and he lived in the most modest manner. He made his own coffee in the morning, and dined in his apartment in the evening on bread and wine, relieved by some trifle from a *charentin*. And thus he went on for months. Like all artists in Paris, he was a smoker; and when his first meal was over, he would light his pipe, bury himself in an arm-chair, and placing himself in front of his untouched canvas, would appear to be wrapt in deep thought relative to the subject of his first painting.

But the canvas remained pure and unsullied, and Alexis Verneuil seemed likely to sink into total oblivion of his art. At times, it is true, he would rise, seize his pencil, and approach the easel. His eyes scanned the white surface, and he seemed about to commence. But after a few moments he would heave a deep sigh, dash down the pencil, thrust his hat over his eyes, and go out for a walk, eager, it appeared, to rid himself of unpleasant thoughts. He would select the darkest alleys of the Tuileries, the most lonely parts of the Champs-Elysée, and parade up and down with the air

of a man who had some deep weight of care upon his mind.

One day, after some hours of promenading, he turned rapidly towards home, crossed the bridge which faces the entrance of the Tuileries gardens, and moving with a quick step, made for the Rue St Dominique. Suddenly he was checked by a man who placed himself in his path.

'Alexis!' cried the stranger.

'Paul!' replied our friend the painter.

They embraced cordially. They were old companions in the workshop, and had not met for years. Paul took the arm of his friend, and accompanied him to his domicile. The young man was struck by the great change which had taken place in the once jovial Alexis—he who was once the wit of the *atelier*, the eternal story-teller, the indefatigable caricaturist, and the best companion in the world! The total absence of all signs of work, which was plainly visible in the young artist's apartment, was still more surprising; for Verneuil had the reputation of being indefatigably industrious. Paul, however, took no notice, and drew the conversation to Italy, most parts of which Alexis had visited. The young man spoke with evident reluctance of his travels, and after an almost vain attempt at energy, relapsed into his usual state, and spoke in monosyllables.

'Alexis!' suddenly exclaimed Paul roughly, 'I see how it is: you are in love—madly in love—hopelessly in love—and, as usual in such cases, are a lost man.'

'I—I—in love!' cried Alexis stammering.

'It is of no use denying it: I see it as clearly as I see your despondency and idleness. Why be mysterious with an old friend? Come, speak out, and we Parisians will soon knock the foolish fancy out of your head.'

'Parisian all over,' said Alexis sadly. 'I wish I, too, had retained the light-hearted gaiety, the fickleness and inconstancy, which is the characteristic of our capital; but no! I have changed; and, my dear fellow, I am in love!'

'My good Alexis, you are dull, stupid, lazy, morose, and what better proof do I want? Your word was not wanted to complete the certainty.'

'Say what you will. Since, however, you have found me out, I will confess all. It will lighten my heart, and then at all events I can talk about her.'

'Yes; occasionally. Now I have found you out, I shall come every day to push you to work. But I make a bargain. You shall only talk about her for half an hour. I know nothing so dreadful as listening to a lover's talk. It's always the same thing.'

'I will not bore you, my dear Paul. Here, then, is my story. You know the tolerable amount of freedom which exists in some convents in Italy?'

'Peste! a nun?'

'Yes. Well, I took occasion, as an artist, to visit several. About five months back I entered the convent of the Annunziata, in the papal states, in search of pictures. I found an exquisite Madonna in the parlour. The lady abbess was present. I was in ecstasies, and demanded leave to copy it. She appeared flattered, and gave me permission—adding, however, a request that I would supply the place of the absent drawing-master for a few days. I agreed; and having proved my identity and respectability by means of my papers, I was the very next day introduced into the company of about twenty novices and boarders. Some were pretty, some plain—all were interesting; and I confess my first day was spent rather in admiring their young and innocent faces, than in attending to my new duties. But I knew my delicate position, and I did my best to deserve the confidence of the abbess. I pleased her much, it seems, and went away to work at the Madonna in the parlour.'

'But I no longer saw the placid and patient face of Mary: I saw before me a pair of Italian black eyes, a sweet-shaped mouth, a lovely face, that most of all had

struck me among the novices. I dreamt of her that night, and when I saw her a few days after, I was quite prepared to fall in love. In the course of my lesson, and as she happened to be the ablest limner of the lot, I spoke oftener to her. I discovered that she had a sweet voice and a quick intellect. This decided me. I was quite gone, my dear Paul! Four days passed, during which my whole soul was concentrated on her. I had not an instant's calm repose. I hit upon strange schemes, I built castles in the air, and at last I wrote. Luckily I knew Italian well. I declared my sentiments, told my name and profession, and in my madness begged a return. This letter I placed in my pocket, and then went calmly to my third lesson—I had discovered that the drawing-master had been dismissed—determined to risk all.

'Again I spoke to her, and when I dared, allowed my feelings to peer forth in the intonation of my voice—in my looks. Towards the end of my lesson I had to put forth my hand to guide hers. The abbess was speaking to the priest. I rapidly placed the letter before her, saying, "Take it, as you value my life!" She started, turned pale, and closed her hand. I saved my head. All was quiet as usual, and I continued my lesson.

'The abbess was delighted with my assiduity; and after I had undergone an examination from the confessor of the convent, offered me the place of drawing-master. I accepted, and returned to my fourth lesson with a beating heart. She was there, but how pale, how sad! Her eyes were red with weeping. She never looked at me once during the whole two hours, and never spoke. I, however, by means of the same manoeuvre, gave her a second letter. The next Monday, when I was just about to conclude, and while the abbess was admiring a sketch I had made for my pupils, I placed a third note before the trembling novice. Our hands met, and she thrust mine back, and rose. The letter lay on the desk. I took it up, and went away in despair. When I returned home I took it out. It was an answer to my two first epistles, brief, but delightful.

'She declared that before she saw me she had been resigned to her fate, though placed in a convent to swell the wealth of a male cousin, and having no taste for the life of a nun. I had shown her the dark side of the picture by my warm and passionate words, and by my offer of my hand. It was true that the domestic happiness I painted so vividly might have been hers, and was no doubt far preferable to her gloomy prison; but she must resign herself to what was, and begged me to abandon her to her hopeless fate. Not one word of affection in the whole epistle; but the epistle itself was enough for me.

'I am free. I have no relations. I am five-and-twenty. I resolved to escape with her, and start in life as a married man. In my next letter I offered to wait on the uncle, resign her fortune, and obtain her hand thus. I was answered again. It was impossible. He was a proud, avaricious man, who wanted to conciliate fortune for his son, and the good opinion of the world.

'I will spare you the next two months. Suffice, that at the end of that time Olivia Colonna agreed to fly with me. I was to scale the convent wall, cast a ladder over, and have everything prepared for flight. I trusted a friend and countryman, she a young girl, who agreed to procure the keys of the cells and of the garden. There was little difficulty about this. Evasions were rare, and the portress was easily persuaded into allowing a moonlight stroll when the request was backed by a golden argument. Our last arrangements were made verbally, and the night came round. I and my friend were at our post at eleven o'clock. A hammer and some long iron nails soon brought me to the top of the wall. I saw a figure standing near a tree in the garden. I cast the ladder over, and prepared to descend.

'At that instant out came a stream of people and torches from the convent, as if they had been waiting

for my appearance. The figure, which I could see wore the dress of a novice, and which was advancing towards me, fell. It was too late. The whole house was upon us. Women and men-servants swelled the force. I descended from my elevation, and fled. No time was to be lost. My position was very dangerous. My friend bought my furniture, and I escaped from Rome. Here I am, as much in love as ever, but now utterly hopeless.'

'A very romantic and touching story!' said Paul, in reality much moved by the tone of the young artist. 'But is she so very beautiful? I should like to see her.'

'You shall!' cried Alexis, seizing his painting implements. 'I have found a subject!'

And he immediately began the outline of a face which had ever been present to his memory for five months past. Paul let him work in silence for some time, and then seeing that he was seriously engaged at his task, rose and went away. From that day Alexis never left his portrait, except to take his meals and to smoke a pipe. Paul came every day; but he never made the slightest remark. At the end of three weeks a perfect picture stood upon the easel of the young artist.

'Beautiful in face—beautiful in execution!' said Paul, standing before it. 'It is the sweetest face and the best portrait I have seen for years. Is it like?'

'It is not lovely enough,' said the artist with a sigh.

'Of course not; but you must send it to the Exhibition. It will make you.'

'Never! It shall remain here.'

'Nonsense!' cried Paul; 'it is too late for you to do anything else. I insist on your sending it for approval. If you don't, I'll make you the laughing-stock of every atelier in Paris.'

A month later, the portrait was in the great gallery of the Louvre. For some time, however, it remained unnoticed and unpurchased, and Alexis relapsed into his former sadness. His mind brooded perseveringly upon the one thought which filled his brain.

One evening he sat alone in his small chamber. A scanty repast lay before him. It was untouched; he had forgotten it. Suddenly his bell was pulled sharply; he rose, opened the door, and a tall handsome old man stood before him.

'Monsieur Alexis Verneuil?' said he, bowing.

'Yes, sir. Do me the honour to enter. I beg pardon. Allow me, madame, to show you a light.'

The tall gentleman, who spoke with a strong Italian accent, entered, followed by a lady closely veiled, who sat down in a corner.

'You are the author of No. 1023 in the Exhibition, I believe?' said the stranger rather haughtily.

'I am,' replied Alexis with equal hauteur.

'What price do you set upon it?'

'I value it more than anything I could have in return. It is not for sale, monsieur.'

'How, sir! not for sale? Then why is it in the Exhibition?'

'In the hope of obtaining orders. To say the truth, it went there against my will: I was over-persuaded by a friend.'

'But, sir, name your own price; I must have that picture! I have my reasons for it. Will you take five thousand francs?'

'Five thousand francs is a fortune, sir; but excuse me—I cannot part with that picture.'

'But at least you will give an explanation?' cried the other angrily. 'The fact is, I know the original!'

'You know the original, sir?' exclaimed Alexis rising. 'In mercy tell me—where is she?'

'I should rather ask you, since with you she fled from the convent.'

'With me, monsieur!' cried Alexis, whose excitement was fearful. 'She never left the convent: hence my grief.'

'I am deeply interested in this story. Young man, speak frankly. This lady is equally interested. Speak out, and I will explain to you where she is.'

In breathless haste Alexis told his story.

'I knew it was a mistake!' cried Olivia, throwing off her veil. 'I knew it! Uncle, I draw back my word. Alexis must, and shall, be my husband!'

'Girl,' said the old man sternly, 'remember your solemn promise!'

'Given while I thought Alexis false.'

Olivia then explained that she had in her confusion taken eleven for nine, and had come into the garden at that hour wrapped in a cloak. Aided by her friend, and a ladder used by the gardener, she had climbed the garden-wall, and escaped. After waiting an hour outside the convent, she grew alarmed, and fled. She had her mother's jewels, some money, and the will of her father in a small box. She knew the house of an old nurse. Hither she went, and meeting with a kind reception from the woman and her daughter Rosa, after some difficulty she got out of Rome disguised as a peasant girl, and, accompanied by Rosa as her servant, reached France.

Here she determined to remain, because she was free, and had made up her mind to forget the ungrateful Alexis. She had put her affairs into the hands of an honourable notary, who at once set about procuring her property from the uncle. He, much alarmed, came to Paris, and presented himself before his niece. His own impression was, that Olivia had fled with some unprincipled Frenchman, who had abandoned her on his arrival in France, and he did not believe her story. She, however, solemnly assured him of her veracity, and the old man was convinced. He then proposed a marriage between the cousins. Olivia refused her consent; but on the solemn promise of her uncle to abandon all idea of a convent, agreed to return home. First, however, she determined to visit the gallery of living painters, in the faint hope of finding some trace of Alexis, and of purchasing at least a picture to remember him by.

Both Olivia and her uncle were astounded to find an exact and perfect likeness of Olivia herself in the novice dress. Both eagerly turned to the catalogue, and read the name of Alexis Verneuil. Olivia, still under the impression that the artist had flinched from the decisive step he had himself provoked, asked her uncle to go and see him, and to buy the picture. Pietro Colonna agreed at once, and did not refuse his consent to her accompanying him. In the dress of the day, with a cloak and veil, it would have been difficult to recognise the Italian nun.

Alexis was transported with joy. The old man looked on in moody silence. His plans were overthrown, and as he was not in Italy, it was quite impossible for him to use his authority to get Olivia again immured in a convent. Seeing, therefore, no other way of ending the scene with any credit to himself, he adopted the best plan which, under the circumstances, he could have hit upon.

'Young man,' said he, smiling, 'come and dine with us. I see very well I must make an exchange with you. Take her, but in return I expect to have the picture.'

Alexis could not speak. He turned round, took his hat, offered his arm to Olivia, and mechanically followed the old man down stairs. A carriage awaited them. They drove to the old marquis's hotel. They dined, and after dinner the joyous lovers told each other their several stories over again, and were as delightfully happy as people usually are under such circumstances.

The marriage took place a week later. Paul was present, and was the life of the party. He took all the credit of this happy ending to himself. It was he who had projected the portrait; it was he who had had it sent to the Exhibition. Alexis became happy and independent; but he loved his art, and besides, with the power and

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talent to work, he could not bear to be dependent on his wife's fortune. And so Alexis Verneuil became, before long, one of the leading artists of the day, and is so still. But I have often heard him declare, with a happy smile, that he shall never do anything which will bring him such a price as he obtained for *The Portrait*.

ANECDOTES OF LONDON.

LONDON does not belong to the Cockneys exclusively, but to the whole kingdom. It is a common centre—a reservoir—a pivot. Its mind is made up of the intelligence of the country, its wealth amassed by the industry of the people, its power delegated by the entire nation; and this mind, wealth, power, are continuously returned through its agency in innumerable ducts to the provinces. It does not belong to the Cockneys exclusively: we are not sure, indeed, that they quite understand it. The stokers and engine-men are so much taken up with their steamer, that they do not altogether comprehend steam; and in like manner the Cockneys, bounded by local views, may have only a faint apprehension of the meaning of their metropolis. You never can get their spirits quite out of London in its materiality, which shows that they have no distinct perception of London in its universality.

We do not quarrel, however, with books written avowedly about London. These are always more or less agreeable, and more or less informing, and they are quite as well appreciated in the most distant parts of the country as within the bills of mortality. The last few years have been very prolific in such productions, and we hardly know why we have not noticed some of them as they appeared. Let us now take up the last, as the newest version of things that are never old. Knight, Hunt, Cunningham, and others, have preceded Mr Jesse: so much the better, for we shall no doubt profit by the fact in every page—since even our author himself sets out with the ominous acknowledgment that Cunningham's 'Handbook' is 'the most valuable work on London which has appeared since the days of Stow.'

The plan of the work before us is practically good, though liable to some literary objections. The author walks through London methodically, acting as cicerone to the reader, and giving him the history and associations of each locality they pass through. This is so far advantageous, that the book may be turned up where we please, and consulted like a dictionary: but at the same time it involves the necessity of repetitions—exposing us to be met again and again by the great fire, or the great plague, or the Gordon riots, or to be encountered every now and then by Queen Elizabeth in her ruff, or taken into custody repeatedly by the same lord mayor. This is tiresome to those who like to read straight through, and make an end of one book before tackling with another; but for a parlour-table volume, to be dipped into occasionally either for amusement or information, it is the best plan that could be adopted. The first series—for this is confined to what is called the City—entered doubtless into some general speculations; but here we are strictly confined to the places actually described. Some consideration, however, bestowed on the increase of the metropolis, its inherent expansiveness, and instinctive pursuit of bulk under difficulties, would be a good preparation for the sight-seer's mind; and some hint of the theory of the changes that have travestied the whole city, and turned it inside out in so remarkable a manner, would enable him to wander with greater zest and a more open spirit through those seemingly fabulous nooks where trade gorges itself among the ruins of chivalry, or rage and hunger crouch in the heretofore halls of princes.

We have alluded in a recent article to the terror with

which Queen Elizabeth viewed the increase of London in her time, when Holborn was a rural village, and Charing a solitary place of call on the road to Westminster. This great queen was afraid that if any addition was made to the enormous multitude already congregated in her capital, it would become impossible to govern the inhabitants in serving God and obeying her majesty; likewise that a supply of food, at reasonable prices, for so vast a city would be wholly out of the question; and finally, that from such great numbers of people 'inhabiting in small rooms, whereof many be very poor, and such as must live by begging and worse means, and being heaped up together, and in a sort smothered, with many families of children and servants in one house or small tenement, it must needs follow, if any plague or other unusual sickness come among them, it would presently spread through the whole city and confines, and also into all parts of the realm.' All the queen's efforts, however, and all those of her successor, James, were unavailing; and in spite of proclamations and acts of parliament London continued to increase. It now contains a population about equal to that of all Scotland, and is as peaceably governed, and as cheaply and abundantly supplied with food, as the smallest town in the kingdom.

In the time of the maiden queen, stage-coaches and hackney-coaches, which became afterwards necessities to the bulk of the people, were wholly unknown. It was not till 1625 that the first hackney-coaches were seen in London; and in ten years they had increased so much, that King Charles thought it necessary to put a stop to the abuse by an order in council. They appear to have been looked upon with a sort of alarm even by those who took advantage of the convenience they offered; and the government regarded their increasing number with the same kind of indefinite apprehensions which the increasing magnitude of London gave to Elizabeth and James. King Charles declared them to be an encumbrance of the streets, endangering the lives of his subjects, and impeding the passage of provision-carts; and he therefore granted a privilege for establishing a service of sedan-chairs. He afterwards endeavoured to suppress them nearly altogether; and at various times they were limited to a very small number by law. How scared our ancestors would have been had they seen even in a dream the hackney-coaches, cabs, and 'buses of the present day competing with steamboats rushing along the river at a halfpenny a trip!

But our cicerone waits. The travesty of the city in its ancient localities is still more remarkable than the changes we have alluded to. The priory of St Bartholomew, formerly distinguished by its vast extent, its gardens, walks, fish-ponds, and mulberry-trees, is now a portion of the enclosure of Smithfield. Passing from this detestable area under a covered gateway, we enter what remains of the church, being merely its chancel, and are surprised by its massive pillars and graceful arches. 'Surrounded by mean hovels, and by a population of the lowest description, the exterior of the ancient priory, though degraded to strange purposes, is scarcely less interesting than the interior. Beauty and decay meet us at every step. In order to view the noble arches of the ancient cloisters, we must dive into a timber-yard; or if we seek for arched ceilings and fretted cornices, they are to be met with in the apartments of an adjoining public-house; while the old refectory, formerly one of the noblest halls in London, has been converted into a tobacco manufactory. The fine oaken roof of the latter still remains. The exterior of the building has been sadly modernised, and the interior has been subdivided by intermediate roofs and ceilings; but still sufficient remains to recall vividly to our imaginations the days when this noble apartment was the scene of ecclesiastical hospitality, and brilliant with all the splendid paraphernalia of the church of Rome.'

In the neighbourhood of Smithfield, leading from St John Street, a narrow lane conducts to the ancient

* London and its Celebrities. A Second Series of Literary and Historical Memorials of London. By J. Hensage Jesse. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley. 1850.

gateway of another priory—the once magnificent hospital of the knights of St John. 'St John's Gate, with all its interesting associations, has been long since converted into a public-house. When the author of these "Memorials" recently paid a visit to the spot, he was struck by observing a copy of manuscript verses, framed and glazed, hanging up in the taproom, purporting that in that apartment Dr Johnson used to dance attendance on Cave the bookseller. The principal apartment he found hung with tawdry banners and tinsel armour; and on inquiry, was told that it was used as a refectory by a modern order of knights of St John, consisting of tradesmen residing in the neighbourhood, who, entitling themselves Knights of St John of Jerusalem, elect their prior, or grand-master, drink beer and smoke tobacco, and are not too proud to admit strangers to their social board on payment of twopence a-head.'

The region of Finsbury, now occupied by large and handsome houses in Finsbury Square, Finsbury Circus, &c. and by wealthy shops in the Pavement, was, so late as the time of Charles II., a series of fenny pastures known as Moorfields and Fensbury. 'As far back as the twelfth century, Finsbury and Moorfields were favourite places of recreation for the citizens of London; while centuries afterwards, the cudgel-players and wrestling-matches in Moorfields are severally spoken of by Shadwell and Pepys. Heath tells us, in his "Chronicle," that from "time out of mind" it had been the scene of wrestling-matches and throwing the bar; and to these sports we may add those of archery, boxing, foot-races, foot-ball, and every kind of manly recreation. It has generally been supposed that skating was first introduced into England by Charles II. and his gay courtiers, who are said to have learned the art during their exile in the Low Countries. There is a curious passage, however, in Fitzstephen—the earliest historian of London—which shows that the art of skating, or at least something very nearly approaching to it, was practised by the citizens of London as early as the twelfth century. Speaking of the pastimes on the ice in Moorfields, he says—"Others there are who are more expert in these amusements: they place certain bones, the leg-bones of animals, under the soles of their feet, by tying them round their ankles, and then, taking a pole shod with iron into their hands, they push themselves forward by striking it against the ice, and are carried on with a velocity equal to the flight of a bird, or a bolt discharged from a cross-bow." The piece of water on which the citizens of London performed their pastimes is spoken of by Fitzstephen as "the great fen or moor which watereth the walls of the city on the north side."

Paternoster Row was a street of eminent mercers, silkmen, and lacemen, till these were burned out by the great fire. Then came tirewomen busy with the sale of commodores and top-knots; and then booksellers, for interior furnishing and adornment. Change is everywhere. Even the booksellers now cry, Westward, ho! and perhaps in the course of another generation Paternoster Row will have assumed a new character. This famous academy of learning was matched in the sixteenth century by another of a somewhat different description: it was a seminary for the instruction of young thieves in the art of picking pockets, and is thus noticed in a letter addressed to Lord Burghly by Fleetwood the recorder of London:—"Amongst our travels this one matter tumbled out by the way. One Wotton, a gentleman born, and sometime a merchant of good credit, having fallen by time into decay, kept an alehouse at Smart's Key, near Billingsgate; and after, for some misdemeanour, being put down, he reared up a new trade of life, and in the same house he procured all the cut-purses about this city to repair to his said house. There was a schoolhouse set up to learn young boys to cut purses; there were hung up two devices: the one was a pocket, the other was a purse. The pocket had in it certain counters, and was hung about with hawk's bells, and over the top did hang a little

scaring-bell; and he that could take out a counter without any noise, was allowed to be a public hoyter; and he that could take a piece of silver out of the purse without the noise of any of the bells, he was adjudged a judicial nipper. N.B.—That a hoyter is a pick-pocket, and a nipper is termed a pick-purse, or a cut-purse.' This academy still continues to flourish, though in various localities, and with some shades of difference caused by the different manners of the time. The cut-purse, for instance, is obsolete, since people no longer wear their purses at their girdles.

In the middle of last century, Horace Walpole writes that street-robberies in London were so frequent, that 'people were almost afraid of stirring after it is dark.' On the very day, says our author, preceding the date of this letter, 'a proclamation appeared in the London Gazette, offering a reward of £100 for the apprehension of any offender. Singular as these facts may appear, there is no doubt that, favoured by the ill-lighted and ill-protected state of the streets, highway robberies were committed in the heart of London up to a much later period than we have usually any notion of. Less than half a century ago, a near relative of the author, accompanied by a friend (both of whom are still living to corroborate the fact), were on their way to Ranelagh, when, in Piccadilly, opposite to St James's Church, the hackney-coach in which they were seated was suddenly stopped, two men with pistols presenting themselves, one at each door, while a third jumped on the box to overawe the coachman. Without the means of defence, they were compelled to satisfy the ruffians by delivering up their watches and money, and, at their departure, drove to the nearest police station to give information of the robbery. Here but little hopes of redress were held out to them. Their tale was listened to as if it had been one of nightly occurrence; and as regarded the evidence of the coachman, they had the satisfaction of learning that very little doubt existed but that he was in league with the robbers.'

This brings us, *volens volens*, to the famous stronghold of thieves at the south end of Saffron Hill, which was an asylum for these artists down to our own time. The Fleet river rolled its nauseous course in the midst; and on this spot the last glimpse was obtained of it a few years ago, when some old houses were pulled down. 'Here, according to tradition, the notorious Jonathan Wild carried on his crafty and nefarious traffic of plunder and human blood. The black and disgusting-looking stream flowed through a deep and narrow channel, encased on each side with brick, and overhung by miserable-looking dwelling-houses, the abode of poverty and crime. The stronghold of the thieves consisted of two separate habitations, one on each side of the ditch, which were ingeniously contrived with the means of escape, in the event of their being invaded by the myrmidons of the law. On each side of the ditch also was a small aperture in the brickwork, of sufficient size to afford egress for the human body; and accordingly a plank might be readily thrown from one aperture to the other, and as readily withdrawn in the event of pursuit; or, in the last extremity, the culprit could plunge into the ditch, and pursue his course down the murky stream, till either some familiar outlet, or the habitation of some friendly companion in crime, afforded him the means of escape. The principal building, to which we have alluded, was unquestionably of great antiquity. In the reign of George I. it was known as the Red Lion Tavern. Its dark closets, its trap-doors, its sliding panels, and its secret recesses and hiding-places, rendered it no less secure for purposes of robbery and murder, than as a refuge for those who were under the ban of the law. In this house, about twelve years ago, a sailor was robbed, and afterwards flung naked, through one of the apertures which we have described, into the Fleet ditch—a crime for which two men and a woman were subsequently convicted and transported for fourteen years. About the same time,

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although the premises were surrounded by the police, a thief made his escape by means of its communications with the neighbouring houses, the inhabitants of which were almost universally either subsistent upon, or friendly to, pillage and crime. At the demolition of these premises, there were found in the cellars, among other mysterious evidences of the dark deeds which had been perpetrated within their walls, numerous human bones, which, there can be little doubt, were those of persons who had met with an untimely end.

After this, we may read with less pain an explanation of the term Press Yard, in connection with the Old Bailey prison. The 'press' was an expedient for compelling prisoners to plead who remained silent; not with the view of saving their lives, but of preventing their property from falling into the hands of the crown. In this case of contumacy, the person was taken to the Press Yard, stretched upon his back, and a heavy weight of iron placed on his chest, and gradually increased till he pleaded or died. A minute account of the execution of Major Strangeways in 1659 by this horrible process is given in 'Knight's London.' In later and more humane times, the compression of the thumb by whipcord was substituted for the iron press; and this torture continued up to 1734—more than a score of years after the 'Spectator' and other elegant works circulated widely among the people.

The church of St Sepulchre, in the neighbourhood of Newgate, played an important part in the ceremonial of executions. The officiating clergyman came to the window of the condemned cell at night, and tolling a handbell, put the miserable wretches within in mind of their approaching end. The same functionary stood on the steps of his church when the mournful procession passed towards Tyburn, and again ringing the bell, repeated an appointed prayer, and called on the spectators to pray likewise. From the same steps, up to the last seventy years, a nosegay was presented to each criminal on this his last journey. 'According to the "Annals of Newgate," it was for many years a custom for the bellman of St Sepulchre's, on the eve of an execution, to proceed under the walls of Newgate, and to repeat the following verses in the hearing of the criminals in the condemned cell:—

"All you that in the condemned cell do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray; the hour is drawing near
When you before the Almighty must appear.
Examine well yourselves; in time repent;
That you may not 't eternal flames be sent;
And when St 'Pulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
The Lord have mercy on your souls!
Past twelve o'clock!"

It is curious how much of this book, and of all other records and materials of history, is taken up with crime! Every page of the annals of the human race is spotted with blood; and London, as a great congregating centre, has of course an ample share. It is agreeable to turn from St Sepulchre's to the small but graceful church of St Olave in Hart Street, at the west end of Crutched Friars. 'Not the least interesting object in St Olave's Church is a small monument of white marble, surmounted with the bust of a female displaying considerable beauty, and enriched with cherubims, skeletons' heads, palm branches, and other ornaments. This monument is to the memory of Elizabeth, the fair wife of the gossiping, bustling, good-humoured secretary of the Admiralty, Samuel Pepys, who erected this memorial in testimony of his affection and his grief. To many persons, indeed, the principal charm of St Olave's Church consists in its connection with the personal history of that most entertaining of autobiographers, and the frequent notices of it which occur in his amusing pages. Pepys resided close by in Soething Lane, and St Olave's was his parish church. So little, indeed, has the old building been altered by time, and so graphic are the notices of it which occur in his "Diary," that we almost imagine we see the familiar figure of the smartly-attired secretary in one of the old

oak pews; his fair wife reading out of the same prayer-book with him: her long glossy tresses falling over her shoulders; her eye occasionally casting a furtive glance at the voluptuous-looking satin petticoat of which she had borrowed the idea either from the Duchess of Orleans or Lady Castlemaine; and her pretty face displaying as many of the fashionable black patches of the period as her good-natured husband would allow her to disfigure herself with. The inscription on her monument, in Latin, informs us that she was descended in the female line from the noble family of the Cliffords; that she received her education at the court of France; that her virtues were only equalled by the beauty of her person and the accomplishments of her mind; that she was married at the age of fourteen, and that she died at the age of twenty-nine.

In the same street, till a few years ago, was Whittington's palace, an old mansion so styled in the old leases, and supposed to have been the residence of the famous lord mayor of London. But even here we cannot get rid of crime. 'On pulling down the old mansion, to make room for some contemplated improvements, the following curious discovery was made:—On removing the basement-walls, the workmen came to a small brick chamber, the only opening to which was from the top. On breaking into it, it was found to contain many human bones, mixed with hair, and so disposed of as to afford much reason to believe that the chamber had been the scene of foul play. This impression was still further strengthened by the discovery of a dagger—about twelve inches in length, and with its point broken—which was found lying among the bones.'

Of such materials are these two volumes—and we may add, every other volume about London—composed. They are all based upon the labours of Stow, who lived close to the pump at Aldgate. Fortunately for the world, this learned tailor gave up his trade, and took to authorcraft; but how did the world requite him? 'Stow,' says Mr D'Israeli in his 'Calamities of Authors,' 'had devoted his life, and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he had travelled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study; and, seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste: for Spenser the poet visited the library of Stow, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labours of our author. Late in life, worn out with study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, his good-humour did not desert him; for, being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part which formerly he had made so much use of." Many a mile had he wandered, and much had he expended for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stow at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstances, that he petitioned James I. for a license to collect alms for himself! "as a recompense for his labour and travel of forty-five years, in setting forth the *Chronicles of England*, and eight years taken up in the *Survey of the Cities of London and Westminster*, towards his relief now in his old age; having left his former means of living, and only employing himself for the service and good of his country." Letters-patent under the great seal were granted. After no penurious commendation of Stow's labours, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England: to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters-patent were to be published by the clergy

from their pulpit. They produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth: one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence!*

Letters-patent under the great seal! Who shall anser after this at the grant recently made to the widow of Waghorn, the opener of the overland route to India?

POPULAR MEDICAL ERRORS.*

Warts.—'It is a popular belief,' says Mr Erasmus Wilson, 'that the blood which flows from warts, when wounded, will cause them to grow on whatever parts of the skin the blood touches; and schoolboys, who love experiments, occasionally adopt this method of transplanting them, but without success. Indeed there is no truth in the supposition; and if a fresh crop should be produced around a wart that has been teased by a schoolboy, the fact, when it happens, admits of a more philosophical explanation.† Another idea respecting warts is, that they may be charmed away—an idea, by the by, of considerable antiquity, but one which still prevails, or at least did so not long ago. It was supposed that the wart might be mysteriously transplanted, and then buried. Mr Pettigrew tells us, that in a letter from Mr Hann to the Hon. Robert Boyle, allusion is made to the cure of warts—'by taking an elder stick, and cutting as many notches in it as there are warts; then rubbing it upon the warts, and burying it in a dunghill.‡ He also says that Grose gives for the removal of these excrescences direction 'to steal a piece of beef from a butcher's shop, and rub your wart with it; then throw it down the necessary-house, or bury it, and as the beef rots, your warts will decay.§ Fortunately we are now in possession of more effectual means of removing warts, so that the charms may be said to have lost their charm.

That Blisters not Rising show the Patient to be Dying.—It is very certain that a blister will not rise on a dead man any more than on a hair trunk; but there is a very ridiculous notion, that if a blister does not rise, it is a proof that the patient is likely to die. I need not say that many circumstances may prevent the operation of a blister; and if we have no better evidence of approaching dissolution than its failure, we are bound to suspect that the blister has been very inefficiently managed.

That Disease Changes at Particular Periods.—This is one of those notions which, as we shall have many occasions to remark of others, is partly true and partly false; and perhaps medical men are themselves in some degree divided on the subject. Some complaints undoubtedly observe regular periods; and others, which are less known to do so, may in reality observe a law of periodicity which has yet to be discovered. We do not, therefore, wish to deny the possibility of nature's operating in this manner, and are far from wishing to circumscribe the limits of natural phenomena by our own information; still, it seems to us that some people make assumptions beyond what the present information on the subject will warrant. 'My daughter was taken ill at ten this morning; now at ten to-night I expect a change. What do you think, doctor?' Or another was taken ill on a Friday at six, and the next Friday at six the mother will consider a most critical period. The fact is, every patient has his own reading of the case: one thinks every twelve hours important; another the same hour daily; a third the same day of the

week, or perhaps fortnight; so that these people are not even agreed themselves as to the period.

Tide.—Somewhat similar to this idea is that of supposing the ebb and flow of the tide to influence disease. I have known people who are in expectation of the death of a friend look forward to the ebb of the tide as a circumstance likely to determine the event. This notion is alluded to by Shakespeare in his description of Falstaff's death. It is highly characteristic even to the medical reader. Dame Quickly says, 'A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any Christian child: 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at turning o' the tide; for after, I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields.' It is at least a fine and poetical idea, that the retreat of the ocean carries back with it the departing spirit to its final resting-place—to the distant shores where the golden clouds of heaven mingle with the glorious deep. With such an idea, the fisherman, as he watches over his dying child, would listen with secret awe to the distant roar of the retiring waters.

That a Man has a Rib less than a Woman.—We should scarcely have imagined that this error could be seriously entertained, had we not been once or twice actually questioned on the subject. The absurdity of such an opinion is so easily demonstrated by inspection of the skeleton, that controversy cannot arise. Whatever Adam's condition may have been, our fair partners do not now exist at the expense of our ribs.

That Clever Children will not Live Long.—Delicate constitutions are not unfrequently associated with precocious minds. With scrofulous and consumptive habits there are often combined states of intellectual brightness which only render more deplorable the untimely death which ensues. This being a subject of general remark, it is not uncommon to regard the early indications of genius with a certain fearful presentiment of a premature fate. Shakespeare says†—

'So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.'

This connection of premature indications of talent and early death is, however, far from being a constant one. A striking instance of the contrary may be mentioned as having occurred in the great Haller. We are almost afraid to relate what is told of his youth, lest we appear to be seeking only for the marvellous. We may say generally, however, that while yet at an early age, he displayed the most extraordinary industry and research, as well as the most brilliant talents; yet he reached a very considerable age.

Eye of Lunatics.—There is altogether an extravagant notion about the appearance of lunatics. Some people imagine that an insane man can be detected at once by the appearance of the eye, and feel a sort of disappointment in going through asylums to see the inmates looking like other people. We believe there are persons sufficiently romantic to suppose that all insane women are beautiful. Like Sterne's Maria, they expect to see them in white, with long dishevelled hair, and perchance a goat, attached by a silken cord, sitting at their sides. Some lunatics have undoubtedly a very curious and characteristic expression—a kind of side glance, with a stealthy pace, and an unmeaning smile continually playing on the countenance; but a great many people with disordered intellects look exactly like their fellow-men, and there is not that particular appearance of the eye which speaks infallibly and at once of the aberration of the mind. It will be conceded, then, at any rate, that the common notion is an extravagant one, and this kind of test altogether fallacious.

Wind of a Bull.—Old soldiers are proverbially fond

* Communicated by Mr James Bower Harrison, surgeon, Broughton, Manchester. See present series, with the same title, in Nos. 292, 293, 294, and 276.

† On the Healthy Skin, p. 203.

‡ Medical Superstitions, p. 77.

§ Ibid. p. 60.

* King Henry V. Act ii.

† Richard III. Act iii. Scene 1.

of story-telling, and perhaps rival the barbers in this respect. It is natural enough that they should like to recount the deeds they have done; and, as Goldsmith says, 'shoulder the crutch, and show how fields are won.' You ask that poor fellow with the wooden-leg how it was that he lost his limb?—you suppose it was a cannon-ball that struck it. 'Oh dear no, sir; it was from the wind only. The leg was no more touched than your own; the skin all unbroken and unbruised; but the bone crushed and soft. The ball,' he says, 'must have passed close by it.' On this subject even professional men have been in some hesitation; but I will quote the words of a very eminent army surgeon, who has only lately been removed from among us.

Mr Samuel Cooper says,* 'A cannon-ball, especially when nearly spent, frequently strikes the surface of the body or a limb obliquely, and is reflected without breaking the skin. A soldier may be killed in this way without any appearance of external violence. His comrades suppose, therefore, that he has been killed by the wind of a ball! But the error of this opinion is immediately manifest when it is remembered that cannon-balls often carry away parts of the dress without doing any harm to the person.' Mr Druitt, the author of a valuable little manual of surgery, accounts for these so-called wind-contusions in a similar manner; and quotes the celebrated Baron Larrey in support of his views.

Shoulder growing Out.—A very common phrase is that of the shoulder growing out, and no little apprehension is occasioned by it. It is not uncommon to see a projection of the shoulder-blade, and this does indeed appear to non-professional eyes like a direct outward growth of the bone. Such is not, however, the case in reality: the protrusions of the shoulder-blade being the result of a curvature of the spine, which so alters the position of the ribs as to cause the jutting out of the shoulder-blade. The spine, therefore, and not the shoulder, should be the object of solicitude in such cases. This, I have no doubt, is well known to most educated persons; but still just worthy of mention in connection with the correction of these popular errors; for occasionally we meet with quacks who recommend iron plates to press back the bone, and which only bear upon some part of the distempered spine, which is not calculated for such injurious machinery.

Healing Medicine.—Many medicines are said to be what is called *healing*. Frequently we are asked whether such and such a medicine be not very healing to the stomach and bowels. *Spermaceti* was formerly considered as one of this class of medicines, and the *spermaceti* draught was a favourite remedy in old times with obstetric practitioners.† Shakespeare, in *Hotspur's* description of a fop, makes him say, that

—'the sovereign'st thing on earth
Is spermaceti for an inward bruise.'

There is less reason, however, to doubt the part of his speech which relates to the 'villanous effects of saltpetre, which many a good tall fellow has destroyed.' The old women will be telling us every now and then that a little linseed-tea would be very healing to the lungs. Persons with notions of this kind seem to me to be very easily satisfied with medical reasoning. They never go on to ask how the effect is produced, or upon what foundation the evidence rests. This brings us to speak of popular credulity in the efficacy of drugs.

That Medicines find out the Exact Place of the Disease.
—Though we are by no means one of those who would underrate the efficacy of medicine, we must confess that the popular belief is in many instances much too favourable. There is a growing spirit in these days, however, to fall into the opposite extreme, which in its

turn is mischievous. The believers in physic are sometimes not content with a general acquiescence in the virtues of drugs, but suppose that the medicine finds its way at once to the particular seat of the disorder—what the chemists would call a sort of *elective affinity* between the physic and the diseased organ. 'Doctor, I feel it working at the complaint. My arm certainly hurts me a good deal more to-night, but I suppose it is the medicine which is "*finding out the disease!*"' The doctor who supports such a view deserves finding out himself. Medicines have undoubtedly more or less influence on particular organs of the body, or at least different organs have different capabilities of eliminating medicines from the body; but to suppose that a medicine pursues a disease like a cat running after a mouse is more amusing than true. The patient will often tell you, however, that since he has taken his bottle, the disease has evidently quitted its old quarters, and is beating a kind of retreat under cover, perhaps, of some artillery of pain.

HUMPTY DUMPTY.

'Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall;
Humpty Dumpty got a great fall;
Not all the king's horses, nor all the king's men,
Could set Humpty Dumpty on his wall again.'

THESE lines found favour with me even in my nursery. They enunciated, as it were, a myth suitable to my age, dealing with things of the visible world as they were then present, or might be supposed to be present. I received them, therefore, with the deference and sympathy due to the sad fortunes which they celebrated. But I was in no definite communion with their hero, and was utterly unconscious of any moral contained within them. Humpty Dumpty in his palmy days, elate and safe upon his wall, was, to my upturned fancy, an object of reverence and awe. Fallen from his high estate, and weltering in his yolk, his albumen, his chips of shell, and all the other particles, internal and external, that distinguish the egg from the live-born—and under the very shadow of that wall upon whose top he had erewhile basked in the sunshine, or caught the breeze within the hard, minute spiracula of his outward surface—he seemed to me as one whose fate was paralleled by that of Nebuchadnezzar alone. Proud of heart, like him, and self-glorifying, and, like him, not only cast down from his throne and supremacy, but metamorphosed, and his primal shape acknowledging him no more. And then the pathos that lingers round the closing story! Such irremediable mischance!—such, as far as we can discern, unmerited, unprovoked disgrace! And beyond the power of horse or man, of strength or craft, to repair! Though all the royal host, in number beyond the powers of simple arithmetic to express—all the king's horses, and all the king's men, were to be brought to that work! At the conclusion, my heart would ache and my tongue falter. My only refuge from utter disconsolation was in pondering again and again the first line of Humpty Dumpty's history; and again I would fondly place him, in his first metrical integrity, upon that wall on which his biographer reveals him, not only exalted by, but overtopping and crowning it.

But gradually the narration assumed another image and a graver character. It presented itself as a great enigma. The deepening chambers of my brain received and entertained this wondrous verse, fraught with new meaning, pregnant with twin mysteries. And in the solution that presented itself, I learned how little could strength or skill avail to reunite in all their due relations the once-dissevered parts of Humpty Dumpty's marvellous nature—to make it once more a principle of poultry, though in embryo, and unachieved.

And again, another and a riper period came, of deeper

* Elements of Surgery, p. 175.

† See Ramsbotham, p. 198—'Practice of Obstetric Medicine.'

thought and swelling and brightening consciousness. And then I saw unfolded the deep moral that lurks within my nursery rhyme—that legend so long and dearly, but ignorantly loved—a deep moral and a saddening truth, never yet written on the white page of life's early commentaries; but, alas! too often and too plainly manifested in the mournful lessons gathered amid ripening years and withering hopes! Of the verses of our childhood there are doubtless many, bequeathed by wisdom and experience to mankind, that serve well to soothe our infant sorrows, to awaken our young wonder, and unfold to us, in later days, the moral, alas! so plainly confirmed when we have learned by heart, and in the heart's saddest earnest, the true history of life!

And so it is with the fall and partition of Humpty Dumpty. Never believe it to be the mere story of an unhappy man's precipitation; least of all, to be a mere riddle, hard of solution, and unimportant, and perhaps of little meaning when solved. Believe it to be, as truly it is, a gathering up into one of all the images the most appalling—absolute dispersion and dissolution of all the elements of form and matter, but with a sense still left of being and identity, pressing, incubus-like, on a mind, helpless in its suffering, yet restless and hopeless.

The fall of my first Humpty Dumpty—for thou, reader, and I, and all of us, have had, and still have, many Humpty Dumpties thronging around us as monitors or familiars—the fall of my first Humpty Dumpty was a moral fall. I was but newly entering into life, and he was sitting aloft upon a wall, whose foundations I believed were laid, deep and secure, in the perfectability of our nature, in my full perception of the good, the beautiful, and the true; and because that wall fell, gradually and crumblingly fell—how grievously I care not now to recall—Humpty Dumpty fell too. I have in some measure retraced my steps; I have in some measure learned to look up from my moral fall to the high qualities of others; I have in some measure won back the moral ground I had lost: but my mind can never again trust and believe as once it believed and trusted. I have known too surely in myself, and have seen too much in others, of a dissembled purpose, of a perverted will, and an undisciplined longing. My belief in the purity and singleness of my young and untried systems had failed, and can never, by any craft or power, be again restored, and 'put upon the wall again.' My Humpty Dumpty was thrown down, shattered, and irreparable.

And side by side with the memory of this my moral fall, came thronging back recollections of first loves, of imaginations, trusts, and hopes—recollections now no longer fraught with what would be entitled to the name of grief, so entirely do they belong to the severed associations of early life. But yet they bring back in review the presence of aspirations once indulged, and a consciousness that, fallen and crushed, they can never be set up again by any effort or art, or replaced by any successor akin to themselves. We may again build up hopes with more wisdom, and with more constancy to their object. But the idol which once was on the wall is gone. 'His place knoweth him no more.' We never again can look forth from a tower of strength, like that in which lay ensconced the treasures of the young heart's wealth and worship. A tower it was, on whose top we basked through such bright days, from whence the sun seemed to rise so early, and set so late, that, as in a polar summer, he might almost be said to have shone without remission on affections, which, as they thawed, lost nothing of their brightness or purity; or if for a short space he sank from the earnest gaze that ever turned towards him, his setting was still warm with the sure trust of what the morrow's dawn would bring, and the dawn was welcome with the promise of a glowing and a glorious noon. It is because of these

associations—because the first can be but once—that this Humpty Dumpty has so greatly fallen.

And now let us view him in another, and a yet darker and sadder form. Methinks I can see him on his wall again; but now I see him as a ghost, or like the column in the desert, casting his shadow far onward into life's path, but casting it on a solitude—a lonely witness of how fair he once was in his 'pride of place,' and how fair was the structure which he once upheld, and how in its fall it made many desolate! And this was when for the first time we knew of death—when for the first time we realised to ourselves what death means, in the wide severance from all we loved, and what he will one day work, in the wide severance from all we have known—from all we are! Death, in its calm immovableness, its mysterious impassiveness! Life has then first learned its sternest lesson. The shadow of death has passed over the principle of life; and we question life concerning death, and death concerning life; and we wonder how it is that once we lived so undoubtedly secure of the enduring energies of our being: and the spectre of death, in mournful triumph and supremacy, haunts the ruins he has made. In the words, the touching words of Raleigh, 'He hath drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride and ambition of man, and covered all over with these two narrow words—*Hic Jacet!*'

There are also many lesser ways wherein Humpty Dumpty can never be set right again: as when the daily annoyances, the petty grievances of ripier years, first break in upon the golden repose of life: when we ourselves, our minds, our remembrances, our requirements, our hopes, cease to be a fairy legend set to music, and have become a tale ineffaceably inscribed in sober reflective prose, with a severe moral tacked to it. We may get occasional glimpses of our first estate: some dawn sparkling on its dew—some warmly-tinted sunset may for a brief space recall it—some sound we long, long ago heard played to the dance of those swift-footed hours—some perfume which they crushed from the flowers around them, may again faintly renew it; but, as an unbroken whole, it is past for ever!

I could weep for very vexation when I think on the fallen Humpty Dumpties which lie spread around me; and yet I will not weep: I will rather believe they are only the embodyings of an unavoidable and a wholesome experience—that while we take our stand upon the present, and from it look out upon the past, we may yet gather comfort. The romantic past, the real present, may meet anew, to assuage and brighten—to remind us that we may also look up; but as we once were on that eminence, before we ever had come down upon the plain—a plain presenting in its distance so many dim, glittering images of love, and hope, and trust—our ignorance was bliss. Even our Humpty Dumpties are to us but a remembered song. The wall is accessible no more; but beneath its shadow may yet be found peace and rest.

THE TOBACCO INSECT.

NATURE shows herself singularly ingenious in fulfilling the mysterious law imposed upon her by the Supreme Being—namely, reproduction by destruction. She surmounts all difficulties, triumphs over the efforts and precautions of man, and suffers nothing to delay the progress of her operations.

Dr Guérin Ménéville, to whose patient minuteness of examination French science owes so much, has discovered a new species of destructive agent existing under the most singular condition. This agent, in the shape of a minute insect, is the cause of considerable loss to the Parisian government, making its appearance in their tobacco-manufactories, living in that narcotic even after it has been submitted to all the usual processes, and notwithstanding the most minute examina-

tion of the dried and triturated leaf. The ravages of this insect have been so extensive in the warehoused tobacco, and above all in the cigars, that the serious attention of the administration has at length been called to the loss caused thereby, with the view of indemnifying themselves for the yearly decrease of revenue occasioned by the number and vigour of these tiny adversaries.

In 1847, M. Guérin Méneville, having received from M. Planché, at that time inspector of the tobacco-manufactories, a sample of pierced and damaged cigars, together with a small collection of insects found in them and in other forms of the prepared tobacco, made a succinct examination of both cigars and insects. In the interior of one of the cigars inspected a living insect was found. This M. Guérin Méneville made the subject of his most minute examination, because he at once perceived that it constituted a new species in the great catalogue of animated beings—a species that has not yet been described in any work on entomology. It is of singular appearance, possessing a short, squat body, a protuberant back, and a head so much bent downwards, that its eyes, of a triangular form, can by no means see before it, but only beneath, as if nature had solely designed them to aid the operations of its sharp and serrated mandibles and antennæ. From the last circumstance, the learned doctor has named his new discovery 'the Catorama,' deriving the appellation from two Greek words, which signify to see beneath.

This insect, with its many-jointed antennæ and biforked tongue, is calculated to do immense mischief in the cigar depôts, being three times as large as the *Xyletinus serricornis*—a little coleopteran, met with in the tobacco imported from Louisiana and other parts of North America.

In other fragments of tobacco were found the corpses of the *Elaphidion irroratum*, peculiar to Cuba, and some blatters or kakerlacs, besides a small species of scorpion indigenous to that island. Thus the scientific observer will hereafter be able to ascertain in many instances from whence comes the tobacco submitted to his inspection, though others of these destructive insects, of divers orders and various figures, originally transported from America and the East, have followed man in all his commercial peregrinations, and are to be met with in every country.

All these insects pierce numerous galleries in the tobacco, more especially in its cigar form, depositing therein a granulous substance of an excrementitious nature, and laying their eggs in the holes they form. The ramifications of these galleries, though not sufficiently numerous to spoil the appearance of the cigar, or render it altogether rotten, nevertheless have the effect of admitting the air, and hindering the free draught of the smoke, thereby making the cigar unsuitable for consumption.

But a more serious mischief threatens the smokers than the diminution of material for their favourite pastime. It is well known that many coleoptera possess qualities more or less similar to those of cantharides. Chemical researches would be necessary to ascertain whether the *xyletinus* and the *catorama* have the power of vesication, and to what degree the cantharidine enters into their constitutive principles. Yet incineration certainly modifies these principles; and it is not likely that consumers of tobacco will meet with the same kind of accident that lately befell the director of the school-farm of Vaulseuse.

Writing in 1849, the recorder of the accident says—'This year the cantharides had scarcely arrived at maturity, when they were deprived of their usual nourishment by the keen frosts occurring in the middle of April, which withered the foliage of the lilacs and ash-trees. Urged by necessity, they fell upon the asparagus plants that had appeared above the surface of the ground. M. Fabre having, along with his friends,

eaten of this asparagus, without being deterred by the strong odour exhaled by the plants, experienced certain disagreeable consequences produced by the taking of the cantharides into the stomach.'

Far be it from us to alarm the moderate smokers of Europe. Admitting the presence of the cantharidine in some of the insects found in tobacco—and further, supposing that combustion does not altogether destroy this property—the principle would exist in too small a dose to cause serious inconvenience, and possibly might even be of benefit to some constitutions. Besides, all the tobacco spoiled by the insects is carefully eliminated; and it is seldom that any but products perfectly intact, and of excellent quality, are delivered for consumption.

THE FISHERMAN OF THE HAVANNAH.

We were lying at anchor in the beautiful harbour of the Havannah, in the month of July, in the year of grace 1849, in the stout ship *Dolphin* of Liverpool. I was the only passenger on board, the others having disembarked at Kingston, where we had touched first. We were at anchor inside the Fort; and the delightful perfume of the orange and lemon-trees, and of other tropical fruits, came wafted towards us in the stillness of the evening air. Night is only nominal in tropical climes; in my opinion it is 'the pleasantest part of the day.' The busy busting city was sunk in repose, and the waters around were still, save where some ravenous shark glided noiselessly through the ethereal blue. I can never forget the delightful serenity of that evening. Among the merchantmen—their white canvas furled on the tapering spars, and their masts reflected against the summer sky—there was lying a Spanish corvette, her crew being all below with the exception of the watch on deck, and the grim sentry in the channels, musket in hand, pacing up and down. Leaning over the taffrail, I was watching the phosphorescent appearance of the water, when I heard a light splash in the direction of the ship's bow. At this time, with the exception of the mate, I was the only person on deck. I walked forward, and leaning over the starboard bow, I saw a man in a little canoe holding on by our cable. 'Hallo, my friend,' cried the mate, who by this time had also perceived the stranger—'hallo, what are you at there?'

'Soy pobre pescador (I am a poor fisherman),' replied a voice in Spanish. 'I am fishing, senores, for something to eat,' he continued, 'and my poor children are waiting hungry at home for me. To-morrow is Sunday, and if I don't catch something, they will be without food; for the last two days have been holidays, and fruit is forbidden.'

'Poor fellow!' exclaimed the worthy mate. 'Here, steward, bring me a piece of salt junk—a good round, mind you—and some biscuit.'

'Ay, ay, sir,' and the steward dived down into the cabin, whence he quickly emerged, bringing the required provisions in a cloth.

The worthy mate took them from him, and hailing the fisherman in Spanish, desired him to come close under the ship's bows. As soon as the poor fisherman did so, the mate lowered the food into his canoe, and the pescador withdrew to his former post. In a few moments we heard a great splashing in his light skiff, and immediately he cried out, 'Oh, senores, I have now enough for my little things for some days.' And away went the poor fellow, after bestowing a thousand blessings—'Sobre los generosos Ingleses!'

We were to set sail for Kingston again on Monday morning, and during Sunday I confined myself to the ship, listening to the tinkling of the convent and chapel bells. At last Monday morning came, and we hoisted our topsails and jib, and fired a gun as a signal to the pilot. Off he came, and we bore slowly out of the harbour. Suddenly I perceived a canoe shoot from the shore, and

approach us rapidly, rowed by a single man: it was full of cocoa-nuts, oranges, yams, and bananas, all ranged round about the solitary occupant. I took the glass to see more closely, and discovered with some surprise the features of the fisherman. In twenty minutes he was alongside, for he was rather impeded by his freight, and we were catching the sea-breeze; and a rope being thrown to him, the grateful fellow sang out for a basket to be lowered. This was quickly done, and having crammed the fruit into it, he cried out, 'Iza—Iza (hoist—hoist)! Senores,' exclaimed he, 'wont you accept a little fruit, the produce of my garden, and with it also take the benediction d'un hombre Espanol? Adios, senores!' With a quick stroke of his oars he backed his canoe dexterously, and with a heartfelt shout for 'los marineros Ingleses!' he rowed swiftly to the shore. We hoisted the spanker and flying-jib, and with our sails full bore away for Jamaica.

FIRST MEETING OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN AND BENEDICT.

It was in the beginning of May 1821, when walking in the streets of Berlin with my master and friend, Carl Maria Von Weber, he directed my attention to a boy, apparently about eleven or twelve years old, who, on perceiving the author of Freyschutz, ran towards him, giving a most hearty and friendly greeting. 'Tis Felix Mendelssohn,' said Weber; introducing me at once to the prodigious child, of whose marvellous talent and execution I had already heard so much at Dresden. I shall never forget the impression of that day on beholding that beautiful youth, with his auburn hair clustering in ringlets round his shoulders, the look of his brilliant clear eyes, and the smile of innocence and candour on his lips. He would have it that we should go with him at once to his father's house; but as Weber had to attend a rehearsal, he took me by the hand, and made me run a race till we reached his home. Up he went briskly to the drawing-room, where, finding his mother, he exclaimed, 'Here is a pupil of Weber's, who knows a great deal of his music of the new opera. Pray, mamma, ask him to play it for us;' and so, with an irresistible impetuosity, he pushed me to the pianoforte, and made me remain there until I had exhausted all the store of my recollections. On my next visit I found him seated on a footstool before a small table, writing with great earnestness some music. On my asking what he was about, he replied gravely, 'I am finishing my new quartet for piano and stringed instruments.' It was his first quartet in C minor, published afterwards as opus 1. But whilst I was lost in admiration and astonishment at beholding the work of a master written by the hand of a boy, all at once he sprang up from his seat, and in his playful manner ran to the pianoforte, performing note for note all the music from Freyschutz, which three or four days previously he had heard me play, and asking, 'How do you like this chorus?' 'What do you think of this air?' 'Do you not admire this overture?' and so on. Then forgetting quartets and Weber, down we went into the garden, he clearing high hedges with a leap, running, singing, or climbing up the trees like a squirrel—the very image of health and happiness. If I have dwelt on this first meeting with Mendelssohn, it is because much of his subsequent greatness is referable to the perfect moral and physical education he received at the hands of his parents, seconded by the most carefully chosen masters.—*Benedict's Sketch of the Life and Works of Mendelssohn.*

GARDEN ROBBING IN AMERICA.

There is unhappily a very serious objection to cultivating fruit in our village gardens: fruit-stealing is a very common crime in this part of the world; and the standard of principle on such subjects is as low as it well can be in our rural communities. Property of this kind is almost without protection among us: there are laws on the subject, but these are never enforced; and of course people are not willing to throw away money, and time, and thought, to raise fruit for those who might easily raise it for themselves, if they would take the pains to do so. There can be no doubt that this state of things is a serious obstacle to the cultivation of choice fruit in our villages; horticulture would be in a much higher condition here if it were not for this evil. But the impunity with which boys,

and men too, are allowed to commit thefts of this kind, is really a painful picture, for it must inevitably lead to increase a spirit of dishonesty throughout the community. It is the same case with flowers. Many people seem to consider them as public property, though cultivated at private expense. It was but the other day that we saw a little girl, one of the village Sunday-schools, moreover, put her hand within the railing of a garden and break off several very fine plants, whose growth the owner had been watching with care and interest for many weeks, and which had just opened to reward his pains.—*Miss Cooper's Rural Hours.*

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

Along the smooth and slender wires
The sleepless heralds run,
Fast as the clear and living rays
Go streaming from the sun.
No peals or flashes, heard or seen,
Their wondrous flight betray;
And yet their words are strongly felt
In cities far away.

Nor summer's heat, nor winter's hail,
Can check their rapid course;
They meet unmoved the fierce wind's rage—
The rough wave's sweeping force:
In the long night of rain and wrath,
As in the blaze of day,
They rush, with news of weal or woe,
To thousands far away.

But faster still than tidings borne
On that electric cord,
Rise the pure thoughts of him who loves
The Christian's life and Lord—
Of him who, taught, in smiles and tears,
With fervent lips to pray,
Maintains high converse here on earth
With bright worlds far away.

Ay! though nor outward wish is breathed,
Nor outward answer given,
The sighing of that humble heart
Is known and felt in heaven:
Those long frail wires may bend and break,
Those voiceless heralds stray,
But Faith's least word shall reach the throne
Of God, though far away.

NATURAL BAROMETER.

The spider, says an eminent naturalist, is almost universally regarded with disgust and abhorrence; yet, after all, it is one of the most interesting, if not the most useful, of the insect tribe. Since the days of Robert Bruce, it has been celebrated as a model of perseverance, while in industry and ingenuity it has no rival among insects. But the most extraordinary fact in the natural history of this insect, is the remarkable presentiment it appears to have of an approaching change in the weather. Barometers, at best, only foretell the state of the weather with certainty for about twenty-four hours, and they are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair. But we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days when the spider makes the principal threads of its web very long. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not commence a work requiring such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, unless the state of the atmosphere indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain. Let the weather be ever so bad, we may conclude with certainty that it will soon change to settled fair when we see the spider repair the damages which his web has received. It is obvious how important this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly to the agriculturist.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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